

We Met, 'Twas In A Crowd

31

Thomas Haynes Bayly, 1797-1839
arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen

We And met, she 'twas in a crowd And I
And she will be his bride, At the

5

thought al - he would shun me He came, I could not breathe, For his
al - ter he'll give her, The love that was too pure For a

9

eye heart - was up - on me; I spoke, his words were
heart - less de - ceiv - er. The world may think me

12

cold, glad, And his smile was un - al - tered; I
For my feel - ings I smoth-er, Oh,

15

know thou how much he felt, For his deep an - toned voice fal-tered.
thou hast been the cause, Of this an - guish, my moth-er.

19

I And wore now, my brid - al robe, And I
And now, al-though he's given Those

23

ri - valled its white-ness, Bright gems were in my hair, How I
vows to an - oth - er His heart will still be mime, Still will

27

ha - ted for their bright - ness; He called me by my
throb for no oth - er; She who hung on his

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name As the bride of an oth - er, Oh,
arm, Which was mine, and mine on - ly; For

33

thou hast been the cause Of this an - guish, my moth-er!
him has no charm He'll be wretch - ed and lone-ly.

37

And Fare - once well, a - gain we met, And a Whom this

41

fair heart girl was on - ly near him, He O smiled and whis-pered low, As I E're I

45

once lay used to and hear him; She leaned up - on his my

48

arm grave; Once 'twas mine, and mine on - ly. I For -

51

wept give, for I de - served To feel wretch - ed and lone - ly. moth-er.